

# The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1906.

NUMBER 1382

When you go Fishing or Camping or to your Summer Cottage—

Don't ransack your house for all the old dishes, knives, forks, spoons, etc.,

Visit Our Basement

You can get your complete outfit for a very little money

Basement Special Saturday

6 doz. 10-quart Galvanized Pails,  
3 doz. Stoneware Preserving Kettles,

These are genuine bargains

**Davis & Kishlar**



## Stylish Sack Suits

Not only stylish, but good all-wool hand-tailored suits, the kind that hold their shape. Stein-Block and Hart, Schaffner & Marx—none better,

**\$15 to \$25.00**

Other good makes, - **\$5 to \$15**

Men's and Young Men's Trousers, - - **\$1 to \$6**

Another new showing of Fancy Vests, - **\$1 to \$4**

Spring Furnishings in great variety

**C. S. WORTLEY & Co**



in the Shoe business convinces us that in order to hold old customers and make new ones, you must be ever on the alert to secure what is newest and best on the market, and keep pace with the times in buying. That we do this is evidenced by our present stock. You will find everything that you may want in Summer Oxfords, etc., in it. All right, up-to-date—the best procurable, at reasonable prices.

**P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemen**

## I SCREAM!

A few may not have found out that FRANK SMITH makes as good Ice Cream as can be made from pure Pasture-fed Cream and the best of everything.

Everything at his Fountain is so good that he has to sell a lot of it to make it pay. Try it. Don't wait till the season is most over.

**FRANK SMITH...**

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

### Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Price paid by dealers.  
Prices on cereals and wool are given by Moore & Huston.

YPSILANTI, June 28, 1906.

Wheat.....	78/28
Corn, ears.....	25/28
shelled.....	52/56
Oats.....	32/38
Rye.....	50/60
Barley, 100 lbs.....	1 00
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.....	1 25/21 40
Clover seed.....	5 00/27 00
Timothy seed.....	1 75/23 00
Hay.....	5 00/29 00
Beans.....	1 00/21 30
Potatoes.....	75
Butter.....	1 16/16
Eggs.....	15
Honey.....	10-12
Tallow.....	4
Lard.....	10
Pork, live.....	4 1/2/20
Pork, dressed.....	7 1/2/20
Beef, dressed.....	5 1/2/20
Hams.....	14
Hides, 100 lbs.....	10
Wool unwashed.....	90/28
Spring chickens, live, 100 lbs.....	16
Poults.....	11
Turkeys, live.....	16

### MERE MENTION.

The Ypsilantian Telephones—Office No., 116; residence, No. 125—2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

The traveling exhibit of the society of western drawing teachers will be on exhibition at the Normal during July.

Prof. and Mrs. H. G. Warne of Newberry are guests of Mrs. H. H. Goodison.

Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Woodman attended the wedding of Miss Ama C. Stevenson to L. C. Barrett of Spokane, Wash., at Grand Rapids, Saturday. The bride was formerly editor of the Normal College News.

Harold Parker, a C. B. C. graduate, and Miss Ethel Peavy were married at Howell, June 14.

Miss Eolah Gardner has returned from Midland and Miss Ella Gardner from Iowa.

Hon. Herschel R. Gass of Mobile, Ala., one of the best members of the state board of education Michigan ever had, visited North Gass last week after attending the U. of M. Commencement. Mrs. Rhoda Gass of Rochester, Mich., was also a guest at the Gass home.

Miss Mary Camp of the Detroit Central high school is visiting her parents in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gunn and Miss Genevieve Nulan are visiting relatives at North Girard, Pa.

Misses Mary Masters and Mary Derby have gone to Ludington for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Pease have sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Bernice Champlain Bowler of Shoshone, Id., is visiting Mrs. G. M. Hull.

Mrs. H. H. Halladay and Miss Marty Halladay of Greensboro, N. C., are visiting in Ypsilanti and Saline.

Mrs. C. Olmsted and Miss Nan Olmsted expect to spend a few weeks in Europe after the summer school.

Mrs. Frank Joslyn returned last week from Quebec.

Miss Sarah Humphrey, a graduate of the Normal Conservatory and Frank Rust of Kentucky were married at Cheboygan June 20. Miss Humphrey was an intimate friend of Miss Harriet Lawrence of this city whose wedding occurred the same day.

Miss Daisy Glanville, of Houghton, left after a visit with Miss Laura Smith, left last week for Washington, New York and Boston.

Miss Carrie Strang is home from Grand Rapids, Miss Marion Holmes from Saginaw and Miss Anna Holmes from Pontiac.

Miss Theo Wilson has returned from White Pigeon.

W. H. Sweet and family have gone to Portage Lake.

Mrs. E. Hallock and Miss Mary James are visiting in Wisconsin.

Prof. H. C. Lott of Elk Rapids is teaching in the Normal summer school.

At the recent performance of "Martha" at the Mt. Pleasant normal, the title role was successfully taken by the wife of Director H. C. Maybee, who was formerly Miss Blanche Forsythe of this city. The Free Press Monday had a fine portrait of Mrs. Maybee.

Mme. M. L. Gareissen is spending the summer in Detroit.

Miss Jessie Phelps leaves for Europe this week.

The old Post house on Adams street is being taken down to make room for a handsome apartment house. This and the Skinner house recently removed on Congress street were two of the old landmarks of the city.

Melvin Cook of Chelsea visited Ypsilanti friends Saturday.

John Hogan, formerly of this city, died Friday at Niagara Falls, after a brief illness with heart disease, aged 39 years. He was a brother of William Hogan who went at once with Frank Kirk to Niagara.

W. F. Cowell and family of Chicago have moved to this city, and Mr. Cowell expects to engage in the photograph business.

Miss Elizabeth Bissell has returned to St. Ignace.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDougall, their guests Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herrick of

at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Smith is the college where Miss Ruth Hoppin taught after leaving the pre-cesship of the Normal.

Boage, the great University of Wisconsin athlete, who upset all the calculations of the conference meet in the low hurdles and quarter, is attending the Normal summer school.

Miss Flora B. Miller, formerly of this city, who has been teaching in the west is the guest of Mrs. H. D. Platt.

Mrs. F. C. Burton will entertain at the Country Club Saturday evening.

Claude Showers of Dowagiac is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Showers.

Mrs. John French of Lapeer is visiting her sisters, Mrs. A. D. Moore and Mrs. Emma Daniels.

Prof. E. C. McCarthy of Detroit is visiting his sister, Miss Eliza McCarthy.

There is great interest in tennis among the Normal summer students. The work is in charge of C. P. Steimle.

Dr. E. L. Shurley of Detroit was an Ypsilanti visitor Monday.

Prof. Fred G. Ellis of Omaha, Neb., is visiting his old home in this city. He has had a delightful and successful year.

Master Will Quigley has been visiting at Walled Lake.

Gen. Byron M. Cutcheon has returned from New York.

Miss Gretta Abel is home from Mason and Miss Grace Comstock from Leslie.

Dr. Charles E. St. John left Friday for Hillsdale and will spend the summer in the Rocky Mountains and Yellowstone Park.

Miss Grace Clement returned from East Orange, N. J., Tuesday.

Miss Elta Loomis entertained Miss Ve Fisher of Benton Harbor last week.

Dr. L. M. James and sons are at Portage Lake, where Mrs. James will soon join them.

Mrs. D. P. Sullivan and children will go to Portage Lake Saturday for an extended stay.

William Kline of Minneapolis, Minn., formerly of this city died week before last. He leaves a widow and four children.

Miss Lizzie Rogers, who has been spending the past year with Ypsilanti relatives, left Thursday for her home in Maine.

Miss Audrid Harper is home from Norway and Miss Rose Ellis from Grand Rapids.

Elmer Mowrer, the Michigan Central agent, will bring his family here from Wayne in a few days. Mr. Mowrer recently had a narrow escape from serious injury, a large sample trunk falling upon him and giving him some bad bruises.

Lloyd Cornwell recently underwent an operation at Ann Arbor.

Pomona Grange will meet at Chelsea, July 10.

Killian's orchestra will give a concert in Fifth Ward park, Sunday afternoon, from 3 to 5.

Congressman Townsend has secured an \$80,000 appropriation for a post-office in Ann Arbor.

H. H. Chapman and family are at Portage Lake.

The Presbyterian Young People's League spent an enjoyable evening Friday with Miss Lura Hunter. Rev. C. C. McIntire spoke on Alaska, Harley Stevens on Mexico, Miss Ethel Fair on Brazil and Miss Edna Letter on Chili. A social hour followed.

Miss Neva Thayer was initiated into the Alpha Sigma Zeta club at the home of Miss Flossa Scott Friday evening, the last meeting of the club till October.

Miss Esther Shultes has returned to Martin after a visit with Miss Florence Shultes.

Guy C. Brown has taken a position on the Pontiac Daily Press, with which he was connected two years before coming to the Normal.

Rev. C. C. McIntire addressed a C. E. convention at Adrian Tuesday.

Rev. Dr. E. W. Ryan of Detroit, formerly of this city, has stirred up the animals mightily by a characteristic attack upon the University and Dr. An-

gel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McIntire entertained one hundred guests from this city, Ann Arbor and Detroit, at an old style barn dance in their big barn south of the city Tuesday night and their neighbors at a similar party last night. Whitmore's social hour followed.

The Fourth of July celebration in Prospect Park will comprise a baseball game, probably between the Ann Arbor and high school teams, all sorts of sports, a band concert and fine fire works in the evening. Everyone is welcome to the Park, which is pretty enough to suit the most exacting.

Mrs. Lura Lamb was called to Wayne Tuesday by the sudden death of her sister, Mrs. Turney.

Mrs. Edwin Armstrong of Detroit was called to this city Monday by the illness of her aunt, Mrs. R. W. Hemphill.

W. F. Cowell and family of Chicago have moved to this city, and Mr. Cowell expects to engage in the photograph business.

Miss Elizabeth Bissell has returned to St. Ignace.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDougall, their guests Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herrick of

Battle Creek, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reinhardt spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Miss Ethel Fair will entertain Friday for her cousin, Miss Mabel Fair of Knoxville, Tenn.

J. A. McVean and Miss Sarah McVean of Toronto, Ont., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McGregor.

Miss Ada Hylen has returned to Cadillac.

Prof. George H. Palmer of Harvard will lecture on ethics at the Normal College next week. Prof. Palmer is an authority in his subject, though best known to Michigan people as the husband of Alice Freeman Palmer.

Arthur Casler and family have returned from Sears.

Dr. J. A. Watling of Washington, D. C., is spending a month in the city.

Miss Anna McDougall has returned from Chicago where she studied at the Art Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller are visiting their daughter at Manistee.

Mrs. C. A. Walker of Salt Lake City, Utah, is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Miller.

Miss Lena House gave a very enjoyable birthday party Tuesday afternoon entertaining about fifty young people with games and a delicious supper.

The Baptist Juniors gave a pretty special program at the church Sunday afternoon.

The Ypsilanti Underwear Co. have moved considerable machinery from their Ann Arbor mill to this city and will employ more hands here. The Ann Arbor mill will still be used however.

J. G. West of Stony Creek and Miss Letitia Allen of Detroit were married at the bride's home Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. West and Miss Bernice West of Cherry Hill were present.

Mrs. R. H. Killian and children have returned from Portage Lake.

Misses Amelia and Gertrude Breed of Ann Arbor were guests of Miss Florence Kinne Tuesday.

Miss Elsie Nelson is visiting in St. Clair.

# The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI MICH.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1906.

Running to Occultism.

A skeptical age; we do not believe in much of anything—unless, indeed, it bears the trademark of science. The intellectual fashion is all for materialism. For the rest there is only an easy incredulity. And yet, says *Everybody's Magazine*—the paradox is curious—never was the world so ghost-ridden. Never has it turned so wistfully to the occult. Never has it listened with an expectation so painful, at that closed door behind which mysterious silences stretch away—the door of the tomb. I dare say it is natural enough. Always in epochs of unbelief, when the conservative forms of faith are weakened, there is an immense growth of vague supernaturalism. It was in the cynical eighteenth century, when Voltaire had sneered religion out of fashion, that sorcerers, fortune tellers, magicians—all the Mesmers and Cagliostros—ruled the world. Our new century, quite as skeptical, is equally in love with the marvelous. Only the fashion in wizards has changed. The modern magician comes from the laboratory. He speaks in the name of science, for there is a science of the immaterial—a science of witchcraft—a science which has its professors and learned societies, its journals and magazines. The very ghosts that haunt the societies for psychical research have taken on a scientific air; they walk no more in windy corridors, clanking spectral chains; in a practical, modern way they exhibit themselves to scientific congresses. World over, psychic phenomena are being studied by trained scientists. Dismissing theories, they give themselves to the observation of scientifically established facts. Their labors range from the study of hysteria, of hypnosis and the transmission of psychic forces, to the time-old mysteries of enchantment and apparitions.

## Futility of Advice.

We invoke dear old experience as though he were a god, fondly imagining that an honest impulse demands that we appeal to him as an arbiter. But when we have submitted our case and listened to his verdict, says the Reader, we express our thanks and go away and do exactly as we please. We all carry our troubles to the friends whose sympathy we know outweighs their wisdom. We want them to put us on the back and tell us that we are doing exactly right. If they by any chance are bold enough to give us an honest judgment based on real convictions, we depart with a grievance, our confidence shaken. We lean upon our friends, to be sure; but we rely upon them more to baulk us out after the frosts of folly have crashed about our ears and we pine in the donjon, than on their advice that might possibly have preserved us on the right side of the barricade. And I may note here that of all the offices that man may undertake, that of the frank friend is the most thankless. The frank friend! It is he, my comrade, who told you yesterday that you were looking wretchedly ill. Dr. Experience had warned him, and he was anxious to stop you in your headlong plunge—he felt a duty in the matter. To-morrow he will drop in to tell you in gentle terms that your new poem is—well, he hates to say it—but he fears it isn't up to your old mark! The frank friend, you may remember, was Dr. Experience's favorite pupil.

"San Francisco reports," says a contemporary, "that a number of persons who suffered from various ailments previously to the earthquake and fire in that city find themselves completely cured. One paralytic, who for 15 years had been crippled by his disease, is now 'entirely cured,' and numerous other recoveries have been recorded." Nor should it be forgotten that among the ailments cured by the earthquake is celibacy. There is evidence of many well authenticated instances of San Franciscans earthquaked into matrimony.

The doctors veritably threaten to leave us with nothing on earth fit to eat or drink. The latest raid on the works of the Almighty is by a Buffalo doctor, who proclaims that the strawberry, that most toothsome, is a bane of all the little fruits, and a bane of insanity, which, he says, increases largely during the strawberry season. Well, there are worse kinds of insanity, so bring on the strawberries.

Justice Whitehouse told a newspaper man at Augusta recently that in 1,200 or more divorce cases he has never had a club woman appear before him for a divorce. "The kind of women who belong to clubs," he said, "are not the kind of women who have domestic difficulties to settle in court." And yet, if we are not mistaken, at the last meeting of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in California arrangements were made to publish a pamphlet giving women directions for obtaining a divorce.

They have a new designation for the president in congress now. They do not speak of him as "the president" or as "the man in the White House." Instead they say: "The man up at 1600," and the explanation of it is that the White House is 1600 Pennsylvania avenue.

Nothing serves better to indicate the passing of the old order in the west than the report that the Indian police are after the Indian utaws of the Cherokee nation.

# MICHIGAN

## EVENTS NOTED

MISS DARLEIN HERNEY SAYS: "THE CRAZY FOOL SHOT HIMSELF."

### RUNAWAY GIRL REPENTS

Students Who Hazed Must Go—Stolen Bell Returned and Pulpit Taken, Another College Joke.

### Charlotte Shooting Case.

"The crazy fool shot himself," said Darlein Herney, the young Hastings woman who was arrested and released, at first suspected of shooting Ed Dyer, the Charlotte livery employee. Friday night, Dyer accused her of the deed, but the doctor says that Dyer's story of how he was shot doesn't correspond with the wound. He is 30 years old and a widower. The girl is 25 and says she hasn't been keeping company with him lately.

Dyer was brought to Ann Arbor for treatment from a bullet wound below his ear, but is not thought to be in danger of death. An x-ray examination has failed to reveal the bullet. It is the opinion of the physicians at the university hospital that it is lodged in his neck outside the skull.

"Ed told me he shot himself," said Harry Dyer of his brother, Ed. Dyer was shot in a livery stable office Friday night. "I put the question right up to him at the university hospital at Ann Arbor. I told him he ought to clear Miss Darlein Herney, who was arrested on his assertion that she had done the shooting."

Dyer is said to have been despondent since the death of his first wife, from whom he had been separated previous to her death.

Doctors at Ann Arbor say the bullet didn't enter Ed Dyer's skull. They think it lodged in his neck.

### Water Was Too Cold.

Half-starved, half-dressed, drenched to the skin with cold rains, alone and believing herself absolutely friendless, Luelia Matyska, aged 15, was found sitting on the naked ground under a tree several miles west of Kalamazoo. She had had no shelter or food for three days. She left home because her father chastised her on account of the company she kept. The girl says she left home with the intention of drowning herself in the Kalamazoo river, which accounts for her partially cold condition. She became frightened after she had waded into the water and struggled to get out. She avoided being seen, and after taking refuge in the swamp appeared to have hunger by eating wild berries.

### Four Suspended.

Four sophomores at Agricultural college have been suspended for one year for participation in hazing and ducking escapades the past term. They are W. W. Glaser of Sherman, Huber Shull of Kingston, N. Y., R. V. Tanner of Kendalville and L. M. Hayden. About twelve other sophomores have been ordered out of the dormitories and told they must find rooms off the campus for their part in a water fight on the night of the annual "nightie" parade. At the closing chapel exercises the long lost bell which was stolen last Halloween turned up again, but the pulpit had been spirited away and the bell substituted in its place.

### Want a Forger.

The state of Missouri has filed a requisition for Holbrook T. Estill, who was sentenced from Kalamazoo to the Ionia reformatory February 16, 1904, for forgery, and is wanted for similar offenses in many other states. Missouri authorities understood Estill's sentence would expire in August, but as it was for three to fourteen years, it is believed the requisition will be denied. Estill had a wife in the south, but married at Dowagiac previous to his arrest.

### Returned the Bible.

Alumni of the class of '76 U. of M. signalized their reunion Wednesday by returning to the University of Michigan the Bible which some of their number had taken from the chapel 30 years ago. The sacred volume was taken during one of the pranks of the class, when a horse was led into the chapel. In those days the boys wearied of rising early to attend the exercises. With the return of the book the class hopes for the forgiveness of President Angell.

### Little Girl Missing.

Rose Whalen, a 9-year-old girl, of East Jordan, whose father is dead, is missing, and is thought to have been drowned. Bessie Frasier, another little girl, says they were playing together Tuesday evening on the bridge, and that Rose fell off into the Jordan river. The current is swift, and the body would be swept into the lake. Searching parties have been unable to find Rose.

Representatives of the reorganized church of the Latter Day Saints have voted to subdivide Michigan into three instead of two districts.

Charles Wood, who was convicted last November of committing perjury to secure a marriage license to marry Florence Newcombe and sentenced to six to fifteen years' imprisonment, has been granted a pardon and released from the Ionia reformatory.

The Ladies' Hospital association of Pontiac has raised \$6,000 and will have ground broken at once for the \$10,000 hospital.

John Henry Murphy, aged 55, well known in western Michigan as a traveling salesman for a monument firm, dropped dead of heart trouble in a Grand Rapids hotel Tuesday morning.

The state land department denies the statement that speculators bought large tracts of state lands at the recent sale. Most of the purchasers were settlers. The receipts of the sale were \$21,000. Nearly all the lands sold had been carried for years on the delinquent tax lists of the state.

George Goodall, of Jackson, and his wife, who were born but one day apart, the wife being the junior, died within six hours of each other. Mrs. Goodall surviving her husband by that time. They were 69 years of age. No relatives survive, and the funeral was conducted by neighbors.

John McConville, assistant deputy warden at the Jackson prison, has resigned and will locate in the west. He lost his balance and overturned the rowboat, throwing his companion, Miss Pauline Edinger, aged 15, into the water. Both went down, but Branock was rescued, while the girl was drowned. Divers recovered the girl's body.

### JACKSON PRISON.

Are the Prisoners Resentful of Whole-some Discipline? Seems So.

The recent fire in Jackson prison—the fourth within as many months—adds to the conviction that the convicts are endeavoring to burn the prison piecemeal, in retaliation for the deprivation of privileges under the Armstrong regime.

The wagon shop was first burned to the ground, entailing a big loss. Then followed fires in the tailor shop, in the engine room, and last the shop of the Trade Table Co.

The last fire broke out at noon as the convicts were being marched to the dining room for the midday meal. It originated in the picking room of the factory, where the chairs, which are principal product of the company, are prepared for shipment. Before it was brought under control it had destroyed probably \$2,500 worth of stock and damaged the building to the extent of \$2,000.

Warden Armstrong has been drawing the lines of discipline very much closer at the prison. He has proceeded on the theory that good conduct cannot be purchased by privileges; that liberal treatment should first be earned by good conduct before it is granted.

Some prisoners have taken exceptions to this attitude and there has been more or less trouble. Dyer was brought to Ann Arbor for treatment from a bullet wound below his ear, but is not thought to be in danger of death. An x-ray examination has failed to reveal the bullet. It is the opinion of the physicians at the university hospital that it is lodged in his neck outside the skull.

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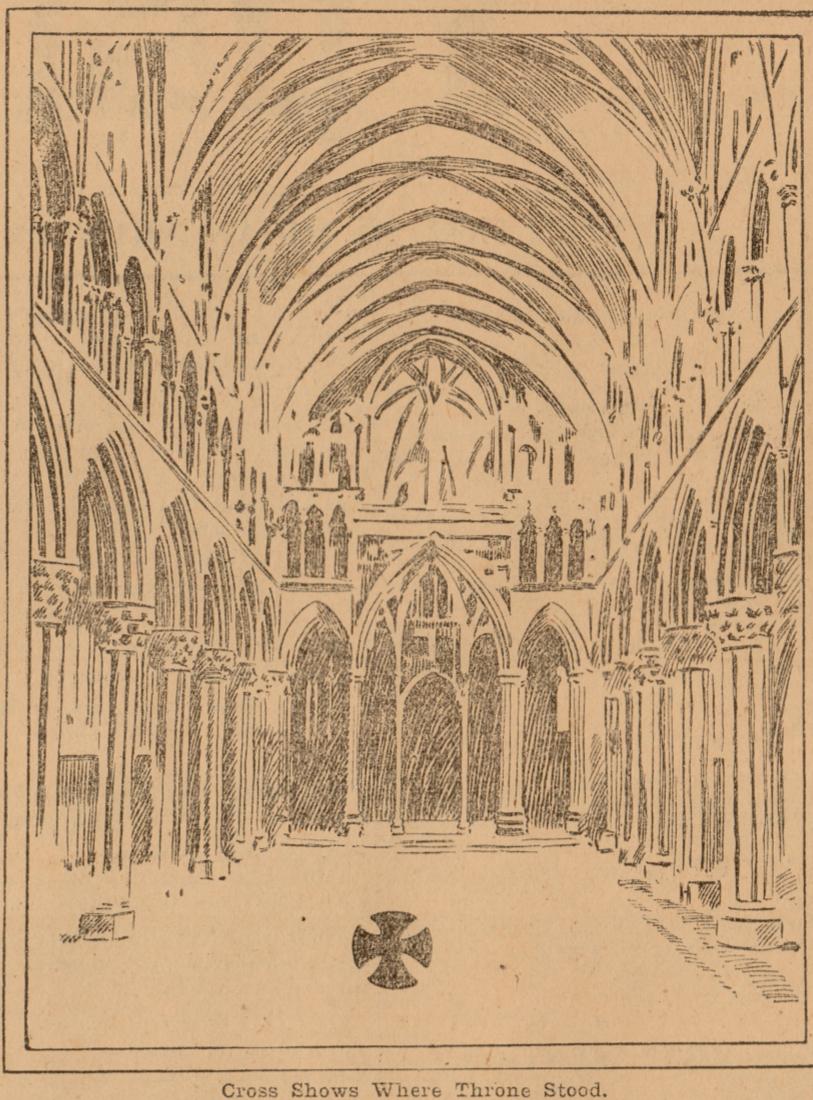
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### NAVE IN CATHEDRAL AT TRONDHJEM, NORWAY, WHERE KING HAAKON WAS CROWNED.



CROSS SHOWS WHERE THRONE STOOD.

## SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT MEASURES ENACTED BY OUTGOING CONGRESS

### FEDERAL REGULATION AND CONTROL ALONG VARIOUS LINES EXTENDED—LOCK CANAL FOR PANAMA.

Washington.—Important measures extending federal regulation and control have been enacted at the first session of the fifty-ninth congress, now rapidly drawing to a close.

The railroad rate and the meat inspection bills will soon become laws, and before adjournment of congress both houses will have passed pure food bills which, though dissimilar in terms, are both based on the same principle of federal control. It is the present intention to try and adjust these differences before adjournment.

Dr. Anderson, of Royal Oak, has testified that the wife of Henry Preissel, a Troy farmer, is in a serious condition. Preissel is being tried on a charge of assaulting her.

Seymour Phillips, a giant in stature, quarreled with John Kruns, a youth, and threw him into the Kalamazoo river, where the boy narrowly escaped drowning. Phillips was fined \$10.

The body of Dr. William G. Hare, of Bay City, drowned by the upsetting of his naphtha launch last week, has been recovered on the beach 16 miles from the scene of the catastrophe.

Joseph Sollsky, a Hungarian, a steel rail gang laborer on the Northwestern road, near Bessemer, was cut to pieces Sunday by a passenger train which overtook him as he walked on the track.

The body of the late Judge I. P. Christiany has been removed from the neglected private burial ground near Monroe by his son, George Christiany.

More than one million dollars was paid for potatoes in Grand Traverse county in the season just closed. The estimate for Grand Traverse alone by local banks is \$1,246,000. The season continued six months.

John Mercer, the Jack-the-hugger, who terrorized girls at Riverside park, Saginaw, in the evening, catching them indiscriminately and showering them with kisses, was arrested and confessed his guilt. He was fined \$10.

Floyd Sifford, aged 11, is in a critical condition from a blow on the head with a ballbat during a game in Dowagiac. The boy was sitting on the ground near the batter. His bat slipped and struck the boy on the side of the head. He is unable to speak and lies in a semi-conscious condition.

Red raspberries are rotting on the vines as a result of the almost continuous rains the past 10 days. The strawberry crop was very short, and fruit growers were relying on raspberries to make up. There is now a prospect of better weather, and blackberries promise to compensate for the lack of strawberries and raspberries.

State inspection of slaughter houses in Michigan may be asked by the Women's Civic Improvement League of Kalamazoo at the next session of the legislature. Through its efforts local slaughter houses are claimed to be in first-class condition. The league has to extend the good work to other cities, and may ask the legislature to make the work effective.

Although there has been an effort to preserve the enlargement of what is known as the "permanent annual appropriations," this character of expense has increased during the session to the extent of nearly \$5,000,000, making a total permanent annual appropriation of more than \$140,000,000. As it happened, the increase in this appropriation came in one day in the house. The meat inspection bill carried a permanent annual appropriation of \$3,000,000, and the same day the house passed the bill adding \$1,000,000 to a like amount annually for the support of the state militia. Measures were introduced on which action will be taken at the next session to repeat a portion of the permanent annual appropriations of the government.

Great results to the people are expected from the removal of the tax on denatured alcohol, and if predictions are fulfilled, heat, light and power to men to 16 consecutive hours' work, to be followed by 10 hours' rest. The much agitated eight-hour bill received a favorable vote from the labor committee of the house



# The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI, JUNE 28, 1906

## PUBLIC OFFICE FOR PUBLIC SERVICE

Senator Beveridge gets a good many tanks because of his alleged brashness; nevertheless, he manages to keep to the front pretty effectively, and he is a man who does things. One of his latest utterances, "The Rich Man in Public Life," will be sure to draw fire. No matter that he has guarded his position ever so carefully, it will be misrepresented, while his illustrations are pen pictures so admirably done that he who reads can not mistake the identity of the original. The article is admirable in every way, and will cause thoughtful consideration as well as personal resentment.

Attention is directed to some seemingly harmless yet really mischievous ideas which seem to be gaining prevalence, as, for instance, the idea that a man who has shown great business ability and amassed great wealth is thereby entitled to an opportunity to round out his career by a term or two of dignified service in the senate. Another point equally well taken is that the rich man, who is a senator because he is rich and not because he is a statesman, often finds his duty to the people, influenced by his own personal interests as affected by given legislation and one instance given, well known to every Michigander, is the remark of a well-known senator on the admission of Arizona with New Mexico: "I made some investments there that I will sell in a minute if this goes through." Other illustrations are the taxing of mining interests, the vote of a man who has lumber interests in Canada on the tariff, etc. Another point is that a business man may have too many interests to give his best thought and attention to the affairs of the nation, and he quotes the financial status of two of the most useful of senators who have given their attention devotedly to the public interests to the detriment of their own. The men referred to deserve the honor he pays them by calling them by name, Senator Platt of Connecticut and Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, the latter having reached before his death almost the last of the fortune of one hundred thousand dollars with which he entered congress.

Senator Beveridge lays down as a rule which should govern in selecting public servants and also govern those servants when selected, this noteworthy principle: "Public office for public service and not for private advantage; public office for public benefit and not for private honors,"—a sentiment worthy to be adopted by every party and to be the guiding principle at every nominating convention.

THESE are the days when the newly released student is looking for a summer job. Word comes from Kansas that the labor bureaus want 25,000 harvest hands, but with the less welcome announcement that wages will be lower, by fifty cents or more a day. If harvesting is too strenuous, there's a chewing gum company in St. Louis that will furnish pocket samples, and pay the agents hotel bills and something more. Then there's a Denver firm that wants to sell divining rods for the location of lost treasure, and an Oklahoma man wants agents to introduce a fish lure that will make the fish bite like hungry wolves. No excuse for idleness this year.

ON June 12 a vessel came into New Orleans from Cuban ports with a record-breaking cargo of 10,757,008 pounds of sugar, the customs duty on which amounted to \$141,993.60. Cuba and the United States both seem to have survived the terrible results predicted when the Cuban sugar question was up in Congress.

THE Chicago investigation has set so many other investigations on foot that it is a comfort to the public generally to know how wide-spread is the cleaning up epidemic. And how proud those whose meat business has been investigated and pronounced O.K. to get into print with the announcement!

THE young ladies at Albion College who transgressed the rules and violated the proprieties by their dancing lark, did it with their eyes wide open. "What's to hinder their taking their medicine in the same manner, and with no unwomanly whining about it?"

THE Hillsdale Leader is responsible for the story that the lightning and a republican flagstaff on the Waldron block in that city had a tussle the other day and the pole came out winner by a big majority.

Woman loves a clear rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores ruddy, sound health.

**Hump Back**  
SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it cure a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone, and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT'S BOWNE, Chemists,  
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.  
soc. and \$100; all druggists.

The Beta Nu Ten Years Old:  
The Beta Nu Sorority held their anniversary banquet to celebrate their tenth year of existence and the attainment of one hundred members Thursday evening in the Hawkins House. The room was decorated in gold and blue bunting. The table, set in the form of a cross, was decorated at the ends with masses of marguerites, pink roses at the plates and pink and white carnations in the center. Sixty-two guests were present, including Mrs. Inez Geer McDonald, Misses Julia Marvin, Fenton; Alice Wallin, Northville; and Margaret VanRiper, Flint. The sorority decided to keep a "Log book" hereafter, with the names and addresses of each member. Killian's orchestra furnished charming music during the dinner, after which Miss Grace Strang, the first president of the sorority, cleverly discharged the duties of toastingmistress and the following toasts were responded to: "The Beta Nu," Mrs. Joslyn; "The Sorority Goat," Mrs. Florence Shier Roberts, the first initiate; "The Girls of To-day," Ida D' Ooge; "The Point of View," Sarah Lowden; "College Life," Ellen K. Wortley; and "Our Future," lively original poem, Miss Madge Quigley. Saturday the sorority, about sixty strong, went to the Peninsular grove on a picnic "Dogroast."

Our Future.  
To the Beta Nu Sorority.  
(Printed by Request.)

Madam toastmistress, and friends  
Lend me now your ears,  
And I will tell you, without tecap,  
The luck of future years.

First, close your eyes and come with me  
We'll walk through crystal mazes,  
Where fragrance floats upon the air,  
And elves glide through its hazes.  
Three little elves, all in a row—  
Three brothers, hand in hand,  
Wait at the gates, your guides to be  
To lead you through the land.  
One little elf, named Memory,  
A faded little fellow,  
(But just you look and you will find  
His gown is blue and yellow.)  
He leads you to a row of shelves  
With scent of yellow roses  
And dainty blue forget-me-nots,  
And treasures great discloses.

The whitest linens, row on row,  
Of purest honor spun,  
And flaming flannels, soft and warm,  
Of victories and fun.

He tells you how he laid them up,  
Ten years back or nine,  
And as you touch, your fingers feel  
That every thread is fine.

Perhaps you wonder why it is  
He shows these things to you,  
But just look close—on every piece  
Is embroidered "BETA NU!"

The second little elf steps up—  
A happy, merry fellow,  
With busy hands and busy feet  
And gown, fresh blue and yellow.

He simply opens up your eyes  
And says, "Just take a peek  
At what you're busy at right now,  
And then go back to sleep."

You look around, and there you see  
Some sixty gay-frocked girls—  
Some with brown eyes, some with blue,  
Some with pig-tails, some with curls.

They sit around a banquet board—  
A lovely group of faces,  
Such pretty damsels never lived  
To don their frills and laces.

You notice something in each face  
That looks familiar, too.  
But hush!—the elf guide steals up close  
And whispers, "BETA NU!"

The third elf you can scarcely see,  
He is so dim a fellow,  
But as you gaze, his colors grow  
Into bright blue and yellow.

It seems so queer—he starts ahead  
And beckons with his hand.  
You follow close—you hurry on—  
You glide o'er trackless sand—

You look ahead and cannot see  
That it is dark or light,  
Or whether it is sad or gay  
For something dims your sight!

And at your side—if you'll just look,  
The Present keeps apace,  
And close behind the Past looms up  
And tries to win the race.

But Listen—Future has a voice—  
"Oh put on Memory's shelf  
The pleasures that the Present gives  
For I care for myself.

Watch out and make each hour you live  
The best that you know how.  
And live your best—the sad or gay—  
Whatever twill allow.

For Present makes the Future Past  
And Present soon is Past,  
And at the end of life you'll find  
We three are one, at last."

He dashes on—you follow close—  
And somehow he grows brighter.  
His colors flash—he looks so gay  
That every heart grows lighter.

You wonder why he changes so  
And don't know what to do.  
He winks his eye, and throws a kiss,  
And whispers, "BETA NU!"

M. L. Q.

\$100 Reward \$100.  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional treatment, Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair grower that was ever made. I have used it for years and can assure you that it is greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
Ayer's  
SARSAPARILLA.  
PILLS.  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

### Civic Improvement.

The June meeting of the Civic Improvement Society was made especially interesting by the presentation of the series of pictures taken by Phillip Armstrong of Detroit under the direction of Frederick Law Olmsted and R. W. Hemphill, Jr., last summer, showing the unlovely views in Ypsilanti and explained entertainingly by Mr. Hemphill, the spectroscopic being operated by Dr. Gorton.

Mr. Hemphill said the hope of the society is to abolish these eyesores and to put something attractive in their stead. He began with showing the first views that strike the traveller on the electric road on coming into Ypsilanti, the hideous billboards, the row of shanties and the dump heaps just east of the Congress street bridge and the abominable alley back of the stores which is the outlook for people in the cars when the stop is made at the waiting room. On the west there are more ugly billboards, and near the Michigan Central more yet. The river bank back of the Occidental is another ugly spot, and the lovely aspens that used to mark northwest of the iron bridge have given way to desolate squalor. Back of St. Luke's church is another bad spot and back of the Moorman mill another. Over on Hungry hill are other dump piles spoiling the landscape, and the gully by the cemetery that might be made beautiful is also spoiled. The bayous are also susceptible of beauty if well arranged with aquatic plants and shrubbery. The race bank by the Deuel mill might also be made a striking feature of the landscape. The false entrance at the water works was condemned as giving a wrong impression, but the dam with its rapid current and the artistic bridge were praised. The fifth ward fountain with its spiritless dripping was declared untrue to the purpose of a fountain which should give the impression of plenty of cool, flowing water. The Ark and the tannery were pronounced eyesores, even if landmarks. Back of the Congress street stores on both sides plenty of hideous effects were shown, and the power house shores did not escape. The possibilities of a river park were shown by views from a similar beauty spot in Bedford, England, where simple but lovely effects were obtained.

After this interesting lecture, for which a vote of thanks was given, Mayor Van-Fossen introduced the subject of the destruction of trees by live wires of the telephone companies, which are destroying hundreds of fine trees, among them the handsome maples in front of C. E. Samson's place. The mayor thinks the owners should sue the company, but W. B. Hatch was of the opinion that the city should prosecute, the question at issue being whether the damage done was necessary to their service as common utilities. Mrs. Jefferson said that the city ordinance forbids mutilation of trees and it was thought the corporation could be reached under this. It was decided to look up the franchise of the telephone company to see what hold the city has upon them, as it was thought that by amalgamating with the Bell company, the other company had forfeited its right to set poles in the city.

Lax-ets—A Candy Bowel Laxative. If you have Constipation, if you have a coated tongue, if you are dizzy, bilious, sallow, if you have Headaches, Sour Stomach, etc., risk 5 cents on Lax-ets. See for yourself. Frank Smith.

### List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week ending June 23, 1906.

### GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Bellis, John Moore, P. H.  
Carpenter, J. C. McKenzie, Alex  
Comisky, W. McElheny, C. J.  
Lamb, R. W. Shaw, C. J.  
Mead, Ellsworth C. Sisco, Edward  
Det., Ypsi., A. & A. Adrian Short Line R. R.  
LADIES' LIST.

Flower, Miss Emily Murphy, Mrs. Emma  
Ginny, Girty Perkins, Mrs. Mary  
Hamient, Mrs. Lena Putnam, Miss Grace

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

### Deadly Serpent Bites

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering from dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chill and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by Smith Brothers and Rogers-Wenmann-Matthews druggists. Price 50c.

Frank Smith.

M. L. Q.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional treatment, Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On Allhallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.  
This with the loudest bounce made me sore  
Amazed.

That in a flame of brightest color blazed,  
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow.

Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.

Language of Lawrence Jail.  
Lieutenant John P. Bradstreet of the Fiftieth Massachusetts was for many years a deputy sheriff and turnkey under High Sheriff Herrick at the Lawrence house of correction. All the newcomers were by him assigned to their proper quarters.

One day upon the arrival of a new squad of inmates there was one who seemed somewhat more "tony" than the rest, and, calling the Lieutenant aside, he claimed little more consideration than the others owing to his previous standing in society.

"I never was in such a situation before," said he, "and I trust you will give me a little different quarters from those other fellows. I am highly educated and can speak seven different languages."

"Seven?" remarked the Lieutenant. "That's altogether too many. We don't have but one language here and mighty little of that."—Boston Herald.

The Ottoman Turks.

The Ottoman Turks lived originally in central Asia, where they were members of a race related to the Mongols, a branch of the Ural-Alta family. Under their first sultan, Ottoman, who ruled from 1283 to 1326, they founded a realm in Asia Minor, but soon extended it into Europe, entering Armenia. With the capture of Constantinople in 1453 they succeeded to the Byzantine empire, and their rule at its zenith during the sixteenth century extended over the greater part of southeastern Europe and much of western Asia and northern Africa, but they lost Hungary, Roumania, Serbia, Greece and practically Bulgaria and Egypt, etc. The Ottoman Turks are Sunnite Mohammedans and regard the sultan, who is the supreme head of the church and recognized as such by all Mohammedans, as representative of former emperors.

Entertaining Lions.

Concerning lions, we all like to entertain them. Most of them like to be entertained. Birds of a feather flock together, but lions rarely enjoy the company of their kind (two of a kind never can agree). The solitary thrush sings alone. A lion is like that sort of bird. I have seen more than one dinner party spoiled by the multiplicity of lions at the table. The lion likes to have the floor to himself. He is always in better humor when there is no other to dispute it with him. When you have the luck to snare a lion remember that he is a kingly creature and select your guests with a view to his comfort and pleasure. It is better to invite lions to meet a lion than to ask another lion. Every circle has its lions.—Maud Howe in Harper's Bazaar.

A Ghastly Ceremony.

Mohammedans of the Caucasus have a ghastly ceremony called "Chucksee Wuske." It is a ceremony in which the fanatics cut and wound themselves in the following ghastly fashion, according to a traveler: "Each man, grasping a knifel in his hand, brought it up front and down on the crown of his head. Almost at every stroke the blood gushed forth, and soon one man after another became a staggering, blood-soaked figure."

Making It Easy For Him.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nurith, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed."

"Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook in surprise.

"Yes; Mr. Nurith is so high strung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knfe."—Exchange.

A Skeptic.

"Did you tell your father the story I read to you of Jonah and the whale?" asked a teacher of one of his scholars.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but he didn't believe it. Dad never believes any fish stories unless he tell them himself."

Bound to Disagree.

Hicks—The idea of his marrying Miss Roxley! Why, he's a despicable! Hicks—What has that to do with it? She has plenty of money, and—Hicks—that's just it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.—Exchange.

Marvelous.

She—And to think I

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xvi. 1-14. Memory Verses, 2, 3-Golden Text, Matt. xvi. 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In previous lessons we have called attention to the persistent conflict between light and darkness, between the Lord and the devil, and to the fact that while God dwelt in Christ on earth the devil also manifested a special possession of people old and young. He continues to do this, and it may be, as S. D. Gordon suggests, that he is still looking for, but has not yet found, a man whom he can possess and control as fully as God possessed and controlled Jesus of Nazareth. This man he will yet find, and he will be the man of sin, the beast, the antichrist, and then will come the consummation of the long conflict and the victory for the Lamb (Rev. xiii, 6, 7; xvii, 14).

When the disciples came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, where Peter would have liked to continue, the first miracle was the casting out of a demon whom the disciples could not cast out, Jesus assuring them that this kind could only be overcome by prayer and fasting. Then He again foretold His sufferings as the only way by which He could fully and finally conquer the devil. Our lesson today begins with the disciples' question, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" And we remember that on that last night at the Passover in the upper room there was a strife among them as to which of them should be accounted the greatest (Luke xxii, 24). This also is from the devil, whose ambition is to be like the Most High and exalt his throne above the stars of God (Isa. xli, 13, 14). The same spirit is seen in the sayings "Let us make us a name" and "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" by the might of my power?" (Gen. xi, 4; Dan. iv, 30.) But while we expect the things from the world and the devil how shameful to find this spirit in those who bear the name of Him who became poor for us and humbled Himself unto death, making Himself of no reputation and taking upon Him the form of a servant (II Cor. viii, 9; Phil. ii, 7, 8). What is the Lord's reply at this time? A little child, \* \* \* become as little children, \* \* \* humble as this little child (verses 2-4). A little child suggests helplessness, dependence. No young of any animal so helpless as a little child. It can do nothing for itself and just lives in the mother's love and care, satisfied with what the mother has to give. This dependence upon and satisfaction with God in Christ as a Father who pities and a mother who comforts are what we need.

The words of Jeremiah to Baruch are always appropriate: "Seeketh thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" (Jer. xv, 5). When we have received the Lord Jesus and have thus been born again and become children of God (John i, 12, 13), no child of the most loving parents was ever provided and cared for as we are, for "He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things" (Rom. viii, 32), and how comforting the words, "Your heavenly Father knoweth" (Matt. vi, 32); "He careth for you" (I Pet. v, 7). Then notice that all children of God as well as actual little children have special guardian angels who always have access to the presence of God (verse 10; Heb. i, 14). I fear that few believers derive anything like the comfort they might have from the ministry of angels. They are ever with us; they go and come like lightning; they strengthen our bodies; they guard us from the enemy; they delight to do His will, hearkening to His word. There are texts to prove all this. Let each one look them up for himself and believe God and be comforted.

Then think of our safety—"Shall never perish." Compare verses 14 and John iii, 16; x, 28, 29. God is not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii, 9), but those who are in Christ, redeemed by His blood, can never perish—not only safe in the arms of Jesus, but, as one has said, "Safe as an arm of Jesus" for we are members of His body. Some one may want a sure word concerning those who die in infancy and cannot rest quietly on the teaching of this lesson or on His "Suffer the little children to come unto me." It seems to me that Deut. i, 30 contains a principle which ought to satisfy any one. Then there is such a comforting word in Zech. viii, 5, for all who have little ones in heaven, for though that refers to the earthly Jerusalem all earthly joys are but shadows of the greater and more real joys of heaven and of the kingdom.

Note that He counts all that is done to His redeemed, even to a little child, as done to Himself (verses 5, 6). Compare with this Matt. x, 40-42; xiv, 40, 46. Note also "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii, 8) and compare His "Why persecute thou me?" to Saul. Fall not to notice the words of Him who will not the death of sinner, who came to save the lost, who bare our sins in His own body on the tree concerning everlasting fire and hell fire in verses 8 and 9 and compare xxv, 41. If it was not a fearful thing to perish and if the torments of the lost were not an awful reality, how vain and useless were the sufferings of Christ that we might be delivered from the wrath to come, when there is, according to some, no wrath of God. Let us tremble if we are ever tempted to question the word of God or its statements concerning anything therein recorded. We are ever on the witness stand and are testifying for Christ or against Him.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the  
Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*

## DANGER IN DELAY

Kidney Diseases are Too Dangerous for Ypsilanti People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health is gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease follow in merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure the kidneys with the certain and safe remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills, which has cured people right here in Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Frank Dompier, of 605 E. Congress street, says: "I do not hesitate to testify to the value of Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered for twelve months from kidney complaint and would have been suffering yet had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills. My neighbor, Mrs. O'Brien, knowing how bad I was, brought me a box from Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s drug store. Before I had taken half of it I found my condition greatly improved, and finally the dull aching pain in my back that had annoyed me so long entirely disappeared. I certainly can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

The marriage of Miss Beulah Parshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Parshall, to Herbert R. Gillette of Pinckney is announced to take place this Wednesday, June 20.—Howell Republican.

Miss Jennie Bainbridge is having her full share of misfortunes of late. Recently she lost nearly all her clothing in the fire when the Bainbridge home was nearly destroyed by fire. Thursday as she was coming from Fred Crandall's the team took fright at an automobile standing beside the road and ran away throwing her out and breaking her shoulder.—Howell Republican.

When the baby talks, it is time to give Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It's the greatest baby medicines known to loving mothers. It makes them eat, sleep and grow. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Smith Bros.

## Obituary.

John Wright, the son of Amos and Anna Wright, was born at Smyrna, Bellmont Co., Ohio, Jan. 2, 1830. His mother died when he was four years old. His father died in 1833. He is the last of a family of four children. In 1850 the family moved to Knox Co., where they resided until his marriage to Sarah Pine, Oct. 1, 1862. They lived in Columbiana Co., Ohio, for three years, coming to Michigan Nov. 18, 1865, and settled in the township of Ypsilanti where they have since resided with a few months' exception, having lived for thirty-three years on the farm where he died. Five children were born, one dying in infancy, two daughters being called home in 1865, within less than four months. Mr. Wright is survived by his wife and sons, Joseph A. and Garrett O. Wright. He was a lifelong member of the Friends' church, holding positions of trust and responsibility. His hope was firmly fixed in Christ as his Savior, and during his illness which lasted one year he displayed wonderful courage, only giving up his hope of recovery four weeks before his death. About two weeks ago he told his sons that he must soon leave them and thanked them for all their care during his illness, telling them to be good and ever remember that salvation was better than all the gold in the world. He passed away June 18, aged 67 years, 5 months, 16 days.

The family desire to thank the many neighbors and friends who have so kindly visited them and bountifully contributed to their comfort and needs.

## Resolutions of Respect.

To the officers and members of the Ladies' Helping Hand Society:

Your committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Mrs. Rickie Rohr, whose elegancy of diction we were once familiar, whose delicate refinement had favorably impressed us. Her gracious sentences always seem to be carved with Angelo-like precision. She has innately possessed such rare magnetic gifts of the true teacher. Born and bred in New England there always seemed to be about Miss Cutcheon an atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual culture giving forth strength and sweetness. That young men and maidens under her tuition

Resolved, That though we sadly miss her help and presence in our work, we bow in submission to Him who "doth all things well" and has but taken her from our midst to that "beautiful beyond" her pain and suffering is no more;

Resolved, That as a tribute of love and respect a copy of these resolutions be sent to the grief-stricken family, one spread on the records of our society, and one sent to the local paper for publication.

MINA MULLREED,  
MINNIE RUST,  
JENNIE L. BRAYTON.

## PITTSFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Begole of Detroit are visiting his father, Mr. H. Begole.

Sidney Harwood is building a new barn on the old Allison farm, and also repairing the house.

Herbert Renton and his sister Elsie of Ypsilanti Sunday with friends in Pittsfield.

Rev. Jacob Horton of Ypsilanti addressed the P. U. S. S. last Sunday.

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## WILLIS.

Miss Lindy of Georgia is spending some weeks with relatives here.

The M. E. ice cream social was largely attended.

Miss Mary Tuller is working in the family of one of the Normal College professors in Ypsilanti.

Dr. Drury is doctoring a very sick Horse for John Buntun.

Albert Draper is better but Dr. Kellogg of Belleville thinks it will be six months before he can work again.

The steam mill owned by Thomas Gots burned early Wednesday morning. It caught in the bean-picking room and Alderman Brothers lost two bushels of beans, besides much lumber, part of which belonged to the farmers around.

The mill is said to have been uninsured, but Alderman Bros. carried some insurance.

In the death of John Wright this community has lost a staunch citizen, in whom love of home predominated. He enjoyed life as it came to him and was ever alert to do a kind act. He was a pillar of the Friend's church. But death claimed him.

They made him a grave in the growing west.

There his earth-life ebbed away.

They should write on the stone above his head.

As one who loved to pray.

They should bring an evergreen wreath to lie.

On the grave of one gone before,

Though grief will come, they will know his home.

It is a heaven they all adore.

[Last week's report.]

George Younglove of Maybee is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Ballard.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Draper are enteraining Mr. and Mrs. Voorhees and Mr. and Mrs. Eaton of Ypsilanti.

The baseball game at Willis last week and the races called all the sports together. Dr. H. Post took the stakes.

## MUSINGS.

I tell you now, you cannot learn it,

Through unfoldment you may earn it;

Knowledge is a precious prize

Through progression ope your eyes.

Then will come a joyful day,

When in reason you may say

Wisdom is a precious gem

Forming flowers, my diadem.

What's the good of keeping from him

Any good things you may see,

That will fit his load of labor

Like Rocky Mountain Tea. Smith Bros.

## Obituary.

John Wright, the son of Amos and Anna Wright, was born at Smyrna, Bellmont Co., Ohio, Jan. 2, 1830. His mother died when he was four years old. His father died in 1833. He is the last of a family of four children. In 1850 the family moved to Knox Co., where they resided until his marriage to Sarah Pine, Oct. 1, 1862. They lived in Columbiana Co., Ohio, for three years, coming to Michigan Nov. 18, 1865, and settled in the township of Ypsilanti where they have since resided with a few months' exception, having lived for thirty-three years on the farm where he died. Five children were born, one dying in infancy, two daughters being called home in 1865, within less than four months. Mr. Wright is survived by his wife and sons, Joseph A. and Garrett O. Wright. He was a lifelong member of the Friends' church, holding positions of trust and responsibility. His hope was firmly fixed in Christ as his Savior, and during his illness which lasted one year he displayed wonderful courage, only giving up his hope of recovery four weeks before his death. About two weeks ago he told his sons that he must soon leave them and thanked them for all their care during his illness, telling them to be good and ever remember that salvation was better than all the gold in the world. He passed away June 18, aged 67 years, 5 months, 16 days.

The family desire to thank the many neighbors and friends who have so kindly visited them and bountifully contributed to their comfort and needs.

## Resolutions of Respect.

To the officers and members of the Ladies' Helping Hand Society:

Your committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Mrs. Rickie Rohr, whose elegancy of diction we were once familiar, whose delicate refinement had favorably impressed us. Her gracious sentences always seem to be carved with Angelo-like precision. She has innately possessed such rare magnetic gifts of the true teacher. Born and bred in New England there always seemed to be about Miss Cutcheon an atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual culture giving forth strength and sweetness. That young men and maidens under her tuition

Resolved, That though we sadly miss her help and presence in our work, we bow in submission to Him who "doth all things well" and has but taken her from our midst to that "beautiful beyond" her pain and suffering is no more;

Resolved, That as a tribute of love and respect a copy of these resolutions be sent to the grief-stricken family, one spread on the records of our society, and one sent to the local paper for publication.

MINA MULLREED,  
MINNIE RUST,  
JENNIE L. BRAYTON.

## PITTSFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Begole of Detroit are visiting his father, Mr. H. Begole.

Sidney Harwood is building a new barn on the old Allison farm, and also repairing the house.

Herbert Renton and his sister Elsie of Ypsilanti Sunday with friends in Pittsfield.

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## Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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### CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED

You are doubtless entitled to my gratitude, sir, as being no less an adherent of our enterprise than a champion of distressed females. On my own behalf, I thank you for your zeal and loyalty; on theirs—well, on theirs, I have to ask another favor; 'tis the way of the sex." His black eyes twinkled merrily, and he took a pinch of snuff. Then blowingsome of the particles of powder from his buff waistcoat, he said: "The plight of the lady, Mrs. Creighton, and her daughter, you doubtless know. They cannot continue with us on the river, since their final destination is one of the new settlements in the recently acquired territory—near St. Louis, I believe. Mrs. Blennerhasset has asked my advice; it is, that the ladies be established for the winter at Fort Massac. I think there will be no difficulty in this plan. I am—I am acquainted with the commander." Here Col. Burr cleared his throat, as with tact depreciation, and took another pinch of snuff.

In early spring, they can proceed by keel boat up the river—the Mississippi! Or, in the meantime, if necessity arise, the journey can be made overland. But whatever ultimate plans are decided upon, our present duty is plain. We must provide them with suitable escort." He paused, looking straight at Winslow.

The pause and look were full of meaning, but the younger man ignored both, save by an expression of polite inquiry. "I think you will agree with us," Burr continued, "that it would be imprudent to leave the ladies at this time, in this unsafe country, without one whose sole care would be their comfort." You will also see, that this one must be a gentleman; that he must have courage and address, and above all, must be a person whose company will be agreeable to the ladies in question. You guess my drift, sir?"

"Modesty forbids," and the young man smiled.

"Then, to be direct, let me say that you, of all men, seem best fitted for the charge; if you will undertake it, let me assure you of the gratitude of all concerned."

Winslow drew a deep breath, and in the long pause which followed his eyes roved unseeing about the room. The slight, dark man watching him, read his thoughts, but made no effort to interpret them aloud. At last Winslow spoke: "I am deeply grateful for your confidence, Col. Burr; believe me, I realize the honor. I also realize that hesitation is unchivalrous, but—" a slight pause, then he shrugged his shoulders with ill-concealed impatience, "but all necties of speech aside, and waiving gallantry, you surely can understand, sir, that I must be disappointed at your command."

"My command?"

"A request from our leader is equivalent to a command; as such I obey it. But I frankly state that I am sorry to abandon the quarry—especially now, that the falconer himself is with us."

The leader bowed. "I thank you. Your loyal appreciation makes it hard to part with your services, even temporarily. But we are confronted with a choice of evils. Our chivalry is at stake; it would be a bad beginning to our enterprise were we to fail in duty to women in distress. And I am convinced our duty can be best fulfilled with your guide and escort."

"Winslow shook his head. "Pardon me, but I do not think your choice a happy one. It smacks of the heroic, and I—" he glanced at his own slight figure, and threw up his hands with a half-mocking smile. "I am no hero; only a plain country schoolteacher in search of pastures new."

"But you are a brave man, and a gentleman. You have, too, common sense. Valor for valor's sake, is obsolete as the shield it accompanied. Of all the synonyms for courage, fortitude is, I think, the best. This, your friends assure me, you possess. Above all, you are particularly congenial to the ladies, and to be frank, the suggestion of your name met with their distant approval."

"That ought to decide the question, if I have a spark of gallantry," Winslow said, lightly.

"Furthermore," Burr continued, "we do not consider that you are giving up the expedition; there will be many opportunities for you to join us later; consider this but a furlough—a release on parole, not a mustering-out." Rising, he added, in low, sibilant tones: "Then we may believe it settled, and the ladies can count upon your services, which, by the way, are not to be underrated. A village schoolmaster with a level head and temper well in hand, is safer guide than a swashbuckling with a too ready sword."

Winslow bowed his thanks, and was about to withdraw, when Aaron Burr stopped him with a slight, gesture. "One moment, Mr. Winslow; there is yet another service I would impose; it is a personal favor."

A slight pause followed, which, had Winslow been younger or more enthusiastic, he would have filled with protestations of devotion and pleasure at the prospect of serving his chief. But he only said, "You do me honor, sir," with a grave smile, and waited further instructions.

Burr lowered his voice and stepped closer as he said, "I have been engaged in some correspondence with our commander-in-chief, Col. Wilkinson. Communication with him, however, is difficult, and since what I have written is upon private—I may say, ticklish business, I am anxious that the letters fall into no hands but his. Now the favor I would ask of you is the safe delivery of these." He took from the pocket of his waistcoat two bulky envelopes.

Glancing at the address, Winslow said, "I am to deliver these at a given time?"

"I hope you will not have to deliver them at all," was the surprising answer. Then Burr explained: "I expect—*I hope* to meet Col. Wilkinson at

Natchez, or near there. I shall do so if our plans have not miscarried. But he may not have received my instructions; he may yet be in St. Louis, or he may stop at Fort Massac while you are there. In the event I do not meet him, I wish him to have this packet. I expressly desire, too, that nobody else see it; in the hands of the enemy these letters might do me harm."

This speech, delivered rapidly, dramatically, was not without its rousing effect. Winslow carefully transferred the letters to an inside pocket of his waistcoat, and said, cordially, "These are safe with me. And now one question—if it so chance that Col. Wilkinson is not in St. Louis, or from any cause, I find it impossible to deliver them in person, am I to intrust them to anybody else?"

"Under no circumstances, sir," Burr instantly replied, and looked with some meaning straight into the eyes of his messenger.

Winslow returned the gaze for a moment in silence; then, with flattering assurances of esteem and gratitude, Col. Burr dismissed him, and the interview was over.

Alone, Winslow felt a strange sinking of the heart; it was as though the door were shut upon all his hopes, leaving the future a blank. Then swept over him a feeling, half pity, half affection, for the lonely women thrown thus upon his care. The girl-like beauty of the one, and the restful, spiritual charm of the other pleaded bravely against present hopes. Besides, there came the soothing thought that whatever befell, whatever he missed, this was none of his choice; no alternative had been given him; in decency he could not have refused the trust.

"So, after all, I am to be a chevalier! A Don Quixote reincarnate in a nineteenth century domine! My shield, a windmill above a schoolhouse on a field?"

He strolled on deck, his spirits almost buoyant. In his philosophy regret had no place—nor, indeed, had enthusiasm. To whichever side the doubtful scale turned he bent purpose and energy. "After all," he thought, "the thing we do is seldom our affair; it is the doing that rests with us."

Before the departure of the boats next day, Aaron Burr lined his followers up on the bank and addressed them in his most eloquent fashion. He admitted that his policy had not been fully outlined to them, but he enjoined patience and hope. The uncertainty of affairs in the south, he declared, final arrangements impossible. Alluding to his arrest on Blennerhasset island, he said:

"Events have transpired which make caution doubly needed. Above all, I urge you to trust me—to have faith in the ultimate success of the expedition. Ours is a high enterprise, worthy the souls that follow it. Forward, and may the fortune that favors the brave be ours."

Magnetized by the force of Burr's presence, and alive to the futility of objection at this late day, no opposition was raised, no demand made for more explicit information. Three cheers were given for their leaderless, however, from enthusiasm than in the effort to fan their waning ardor.

For the scene was cold and bleak and dreary enough, and as Winslow laughingly said, "everybody whistled to keep up his courage."

When the flotilla reached Fort Massac there was no trouble from the militiamen stationed there. No message had been received of their expected arrival, no orders to detain them. On the contrary, Aaron Burr was greeted with marked attention, which was extended to all of his party. Before leaving the fort, he had an interview with the commander, from whom he won promises of hospitality for those left under his protection.

"I shall esteem it a personal favor," said Col. Mitchell, if you will treat the ladies and their escort as your guests for a few weeks—or until such time as they see fit to continue the way."

Under the spell of the speaker's voice and eyes, the commander did not inquire—even of himself—the reasons for complying, nor the possible advantages there might be in conferring the "personal favor." He promised, and the two men took snuff together, the one amiable, condescending—the other admiring, reverent.

Late in the day the boats, with Burr and the Blennerhasses in the lead, descended down the river, leaving a forlorn little group to wave farewells from the wharf.

Winslow stood apart; his own disappointment was swallowed up in sympathy for the helpless loneliness of the women at his side. He looked at Lavender as she stood—one arm about her mother's waist, the white face peering from its scarlet hood, and his heart was curiously lightened. After all, he could join the expedition later, and he was not alone.

Soon the boats were lost to view—not a ribbon of foam on theickle water marked their course—the river was shrouded in a mist that seemed to rise from the under-world.

They turned to seek shelter within doors, when suddenly Lavender asked: "Who is that sitting over there?" and she pointed to where, on a fallen tree, by the river's brink, sat a woman—her back toward them. Angular shoulders enveloped in a blanket shawl and a head swathed in a red bandana kerchief, like a bloody bandage, were outlined against the gray walls of the fort.

The head turned at Lavender's exclamation, and white eyeballs, and whiter teeth, shone from an ebony frame, as the woman rose and approached slowly. "Good ebenin' y'all," America said calmly, and to their startled question explained:

"So ye, it wuz dis a-way. Missy lowed she warn't gwine ter had 'll a-toolin' and a-moiling' thout no woman ten nev'r."

"Yes, but why did you surprise us? Why slip away so mysteriously?"

"La, chile, massa wouldn't a' given me up, so at de las' minute missy done sen' me. She say she'll fin' plenty niggahs whar she's gwine."

"How could you sit off without being seen?"

America gave an unctuous chuckle.

"For God, I done kun'f dat no-count niggah on de gang plank. 'Fo' he hist it, I up 'n' shuk a rabbit foot in his face, and kin' o' mum'led some hoodoo talk. He teef rattle like bones, and I

run by 'thouten a word. Dat's me—long!"

And thus, a second time, America had her way.

CHAPTER V.

A few weeks passed in monotony at the fort—a monotony wherein was much time for futile planning and idle speculation.

The novelty of the situation and the natural effervescence of her spirits made Lavender gay and light-hearted, in spite of the anxious waiting. But to her mother it was irksome; a period of unrest, and carking care. Her health, too, showed signs of decline, and she felt already the unwholesome breath of the swamp land.

For Winslow, the days dragged on a way that required all his philosophy to bear. Ordinarily, quiet, even dulness, appealed to his student nature. But for this Burr expedition he had nerves himself to a point of unwanted energy; had summoned all his forces against the time for telling work—for endurance. And all for what? For a time of idle waiting—of inaction by the chimney corner of a stranger! He was thrown little in Lavender's society; the officers of the garrison showed her much attention, and in their favor he obscured himself. His attitude was that of the guide, the elder brother, and bore no trace of the warmer admiration openly avowed by the others. The maid herself had no part in this arrangement, and if in her heart she wished it otherwise, she acknowledged the weakness to none.

Early in February there came un-

pleasant news to the fort. The Burr expedition was not a success—something had happened, but definite facts could not be ascertained. Winslow was in a fever of anxiety and suspense. Ugly rumors were circulated; there was talk of treachery to the government. "Traitor" and "conspiracy" reached his ears from time to time. To Winslow the commander responded that he had received no positive information, but believed the boats, with their men, and even the chief himself, were detained in the south. "Probably but a temporary check," he concluded, suavely. For Winslow's connection with the affair was well known, and the colonel's words were meant to spare his feelings. But Winslow left with a pang of anxiety all the sharper that his fears were half formed. He could only console himself with the reflection that, whatever had occurred was doubtless such an ordeal as had confronted Burr at Nashville, and his own party on Blennerhasset island. In either case, he could not be expected to countenance anything which gave the slightest room for suspicion. And he, and the ladies about him—they had no sympathies in common with the expedition. On the contrary, if any, however imaginary, threatened the government, theirs was the first duty to protest; they could not be expected to countenance anything which gave the slightest room for suspicion. And he, and the ladies about him, were guests—bound to respect feeling or prejudice on the part of those whose hospitality they shared.

Matters developed, and were brought to a crisis on the occasion of a ball in the commander's quarters.

A raw, blustering day had settled into a foggy, starless night, when the little company assembled for the frolic. The low-ceiled dining-room was thrown open and decorated with holly and mistletoe. About every pillar and from the rough rafter hung festoons of evergreen jeweled with berries, red and white.

In gratification of Lavender's whim, Mrs. Creighton had allowed her to wear the gown in which she, a belle of Philadelphia, had danced at the Mescilanza. The once stately folds

of the gown were now draped about the slender waist of the young woman.

Winslow stood by, admiring.

"I leave the time and place to you, sir," he said.

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Established January 1, 1880

W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor  
The YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.

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when high-priced medical specialists are doing their best to prolong existence— isn't it poor policy—false economy—to patronize any drug store simply on account of low prices? We don't scrimp remedies to save a cent here or there— we give you what your physician orders and charge accordingly. We want you to deal with us, but not unless you are satisfied that you will get here the best and purest any druggist can supply.

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If you want an easy, durable, and stylish shoe, apply at our store,

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Our Prices Are Right

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When a woman sees a piece of dress goods that she likes she will readily pay more for it than take a cheaper piece. That is why many women are ordering

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every day. They are not so very much higher in price than other goods, either—only better in quality.

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Richelieu Peas, 20c  
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Richelieu Spinach, 20c  
Richelieu Succotash, 15c  
Richelieu Lima Beans 15c

**Davis & Co.**

On the Corner

**Wondrous Evolution.**  
In the slow evolution of the race, mused the elephant, looking with languid interest at the throng of curious gazers that stood on the outside of the ropes and fed him with cakes, peanuts and candy, "how many millions of years it must require to evolve from the shapeless and rudimentary projection on the face of the creature called man the full and perfect proboscis!"

**The Dardanelles.**  
The Dardanelles is celebrated in ancient history on account of Xerxes and Alexander having crossed it, the former in 480 B. C. to enter Europe and the latter in 334 B. C. to enter Asia. At the point where Alexander crossed young Leander nighly swam the Hellespont to visit Hero—a feat performed in modern times by Lord Byron.

**Making It Worse.**  
"What silly verses that woman is reciting!"  
"I wrote them, sir!"  
"Ah—oh, yes—to be sure—clever lines, but horribly delivered, don't you know. Woman must be a fool to bungle 'em so. Who is she?"  
"My wife, sir!"

**Got What He Wanted.**  
Auctioneer—Going! Going! Gone!  
Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir. The frame alone is worth the price. Connoisseur (ripping out the picture)—The frame is what I wanted. —New York Weekly.

You cannot find an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time contriving not to have tedious hours.—Johnson.

**Subscribe for The Ypsilantian.**

Something to Think of Seriously. A study of the tax rate of this city will convince our citizens that they are facing a serious problem. It is no wonder that no new factories can be induced to locate here and that so many families are leaving the city. One drayman has moved twelve families to Detroit since March 1 and there are plenty more who have gone. The people must wake up and see to the danger facing the city practically.

The corrected valuation of the city are:

1st ward.....	\$1,050,255
2d ward.....	1,203,605
3d ward.....	1,082,335
4th ward.....	321,375
5th ward.....	760,540

Now mark. The tax rate in the first and third ward is \$11.35 on each \$1000, an increase over last year of \$2.15 per thousand. In the second ward it is \$11.15 per thousand, an increase of \$2.45. In the fourth it is \$14.10, an increase of \$4.01. In the fifth it is \$12.60, an increase of \$2.70. It was said that raising the valuation would lower the rate, but big raises in the valuation have sent the rate jumping also. This does not include the special taxes for curbing, sewers and sidewalk which are immense this year in addition, especially in the 4th ward.

The reasons for the variation in rate are worth study. The 4th ward with \$321,375 valuation raises \$1000 for highways, though its streets are the best in the city. The 2d ward raises only \$1500 on a valuation of \$1,203,605. The east side, with about \$1,000,000 valuation, raises as much for parks as the west side with about \$3,550,000. It raises half as much sewer fund.

Again, mark. Ann Arbor, which does not divide its taxes by wards, has a uniform tax rate of \$6.62 per thousand. The charter forbids spending more than \$5 a thousand for improvements in any one year, and its excess over that is for interest on bonds.

The secretary then called the roll of precincts and the following were elected members of the county committee:

J. E. Beal, Ann Arbor, 1st ward.  
Julius Haarer, Ann Arbor, 2nd ward.  
Charles L. Miller, Ann Arbor, 3d ward.  
W. W. Wedemeyer, Ann Arbor, 4th ward.

John Shadford, Ann Arbor, 5th ward.  
H. G. Prettyman, Ann Arbor, 6th ward.  
R. S. Copeland, Ann Arbor, 7th ward.  
Geo. Foster, Ann Arbor town.  
Geo. S. Osborn, Augusta.

—, Bridgewater.

Henry Dieterle, Dexter.

John Reno, Freedom.

R. W. Wood, Lodi.

Edward Gorman, Lyndon.

Fred Freeman, Manchester.

Jay Pray, Northfield.

John Munn, Salem.

N. C. Carpenter, Pittsfield

W. L. Fowler, Saline.

Chas. Stannard, Scio.

Henry O'Neil, Sharon.

Perry Townsend, Superior.

A. W. Wilkinson, Sylvan.

Frank Wheeler, Webster.

Chas. Gauntlet, York.

M. L. Smith, Ypsilanti town.

Hugh Van Dr. Walker, Ypsilanti, 1st ward.

Don Lawrence, Ypsilanti, 2d ward.

Richard Owen, Ypsilanti, 3d ward.

John Thompson, Ypsilanti, 4th ward.

Paul Bombenek, Ypsilanti, 5th ward.

Mrs. R. W. Hemphill.

The sudden death of Mrs. Robert W. Hemphill, Sr., comes with severe force upon the community in which she spent her helpful and honored life. Her illness was not realized to be serious till Sunday, although for nearly two years after an attack of pneumonia, her health had been failing, and this summer she had lacked her usual vigor and energy. It was not till Friday that she gave up being about the house, and though skilled specialists were summoned, they found that the disease had taken all her strength and power of resistance, and she died Tuesday noon. Her sister, Mrs. S. M. Cutcheon, sailed from Europe Tuesday to come to her, and her brother, Dr. Charles Moore, from Boston and her children in the west were also on their way to her side. In the city her friends were deeply moved by her death, and her family have universal sympathy.

Adeline Moore was born in Ypsilanti in 1842, the daughter of Charles Moore, one of the early merchants here. May 12, 1863, she was married to Robert W. Hemphill, and has lived here through these years, prominent in social life, hospitable, devoted to her family and large circle of friends, earnestly carrying out the work of her church and of unostentatious but continuous charity, her reserved nature not concealing her kindness of heart and many excellent qualities. Her life was uneventful, but she won esteem and affection throughout the community, and her death is its loss.

Besides her husband she leaves three children—Robert W. Hemphill, Jr., of this city; Charles M. Hemphill of Portland, Or., and Mrs. Josephine Crocker of Rupert, Idaho.

The funeral will be held at the residence Friday afternoon at 2:30.

Two Noble Men Honored.

Two of the honorary degrees of Master of Arts granted last week by the University of Michigan were of especial interest to Ypsilanti—one being conferred upon George N. Carman, director of the Lewis Institute, Chicago; and one upon Charles T. Grawn, principal of the Central Normal school. Prof. Carman was principal of the high school in 1880-1882, and the affection and admiration he inspired among his pupils is as vivid in their minds and hearts to-day as twenty-five years ago. He has had a brilliant career since, but still takes a keen interest in Ypsilanti and his old pupils. The University honored itself in honoring him as in honoring Prof. Grawn, who is an alumnus of the Ypsilanti Normal and was principal of its training school some years ago. Mr. Grawn's daughter also graduated from the U. of M. this year.

Fourth of July.

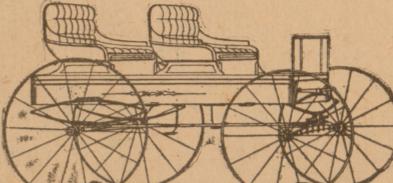
For the above occasion the Michigan Central will sell tickets between all stations west of Detroit River at a reduced rates July 3rd and 4th, 1906. Return limit July 5th. For particulars consult E. E. MOWRER, Ticket Agent.

## GARRIAGES AND WAGONS

We have a full line of Hand-made Work at our Salesroom in the Curtis Block  
Mr. H. M. Curtis will be there to show you our work

**\$40**

The cut we show here represents one of our hand-made Wagons. We warrant this wagon and want you to examine it



Repairing, Painting, Trimming and Woodwork done to order by skilled mechanics at our Factory, near Congress Street Bridge

Four Buggy Tires Set for \$1.25—Done While You Wait

## FERGUSON CARRIAGE WORKS

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

**\$40**

See this wagon before you buy. We fully warrant it. The best \$40.00 wagon on the market.

### Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school,

11:30; Junior meeting, 3; B. Y. P. U., 6.

Preaching by the pastor in the morning. No evening service.

Morning sermon by the pastor.

Congregational Church—Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school,

11:30.

Morning service, Holy Communion and sermon.

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7.

Saturday evenings on the street.

Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school,

11:30; Epworth League, 6; Dr. Ford's

Bible class, 11:30; Intermediate League and Boys' class, 3.

Morning sermon, "The Might of Meekness." Union service at 7 p. m., Rev. Wm. Gardam preaching.

Floyd Starr, state L. T. L. president, has been visiting the Ypsilanti Legion.

G. E. Waterman has returned from Sioux City, Ia., called there by the death of his brother, E. D. Waterman.

Two young boys who burglarized the Alexander cottage west of town were left off on restitution of their plunder. County Agent Childs looked after the matter.

Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Ruby McKenzie have returned from Goderich, Ont.

Fire caught in the basement of the Miller millinery store last night and caused considerable damage from smoke to the stock, although the fire department soon put out the flames. The opera house show was given up on account of the nearness of the fire.

Trouble For Government Clerks.

"Congress makes lots of unnecessary trouble for the government clerks," said a veteran employee, "but the worst case I know of occurred some years ago. A certain senator asked the comptroller of the currency to tell him how much stock a certain man had in a national bank. He was informed that such information was regarded as confidential and could not be given out."

"We'll see about that," said the senator, who was plainly disappointed and displeased.

"Several days later he secured the passage of a resolution calling upon the secretary of the treasury to furnish the senate with the names and holdings of the stockholders in all the national banks in the country. He really wanted to know only the interest of one man in a bank, but he knew that he couldn't get a resolution of that kind through the senate, so he included the stockholders in all the national banks. It took the entire force of the comptroller's office several weeks to prepare the information, and when it reached the senate nobody paid any attention to it except the author of the resolution, and he merely looked at the mass of papers only long enough to see about the man he was after and then tossed the paper over. It was an immense lot of work for nothing!"—Washington Star.

The Abbe's Criticism.

An American lady residing in Rome presented to a friend, who is an abbe, an intellectual man and familiar with English, although no traveler, a copy of one of Mary Wilkins' New England stories.

"The author of this, my dear friend," she said, "is the best portrayer of New England character we have. No other writer has caught so well the charm of the place and the people. I hope you will like it."

The abbe took the book and thanked her. In a few days he came again and returned it glibly, saying a word or two.

"Were you not pleased with the quaint portrayal of the life?" asked the lady.

"You say this is a faithful portrayal of life in New England?"

"Very faithful indeed."

The abbe sighed and said, with deep sympathy, "How sad!"—Reader Magazine.

Joining the Hunt.

Mrs. Impenitent—Here's a man suing for divorce because his wife goes through his pockets. What would you do, John, dear, if you woke up tonight and found me at your pockets? Mr. Impenitent—Get up and help your look—Woman's Home Companion.

Reason For Gratitude.

"So you're friendly with Cranker, are you? Why, he tells me that he won't have a thing to do with you."

"That's just why I feel kindly toward the old crab."

Uncomfortable.

"She didn't speak to her husband for six months."

"My, it must have been very uncomfortable!"

"Yes—for her."